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CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

OUR CENTENARY

GREETINGS FROM THE AMERICAN PRESS

(From the New York Times)

In taking note of the centenary of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and the uncommonly interesting number the present editor has put forth to celebrate that anniversary, it is not incumbent upon us to look long at the past. The record of this first and still most vigorous of American reviews is always accessible, and, for that matter, it forms a large part of the contents of the present number, in Mr. Julius H. Ward's historical summary, Mr. Howells's remembrances of half a century of its existence, "Part of Which I Was," and copious extracts from earlier numbers reflecting the public spirit, the ideals, and the literary inclinations of that era. But the old NORTH AMERICAN, which was transplanted from once-cultured Boston to always-bustling New York some time in the seventies of the last century, has passed through many mutations, and a periodical, like Virtue, may not successfully seek remuneration for the thing it was.

The essential fact of the centenary celebration is that THE REVIEW under Colonel Harvey's editorship is distinctly what Mr. Howells suggests it may not have been under the rule of a former editor of much enterprise, "good society"; that its character and quality, though inevitably in consonance with these times, are high and sound; that it truly labors to diffuse sane political ideas and to encourage the best the age may produce in letters. With the pursuance of these good purposes in mind Colonel Harvey may well "look into the future with eyes undismayed," as he says he does in his characteristically buoyant introductory article, which includes a noteworthy comparison of Presidents James Madison and Woodrow Wilson. There are poems of distinction in this number, and essays by writers of renown on subjects now uppermost in the world's thought. So that THE NORTH AMERICAN at the beginning of its second century is a vital force, exerting an influence such as its founders desired it to exert, and giving ample promise that it may survive another century and still be an acknowledged instrument of national enlightenment when the chimes ring in the new year of 2015.

(From the New York Sun)

It is the special articles in commemoration of the anniversary that will excite particular interest. A subtle and amusing comparison of the politics of Mr. Madison's Administration with those of Mr. Wilson's is modestly ascribed by the accomplished editor to THE REVIEW itself. Julius H. Ward

writes an entertaining account of the history and the vicissitudes of *THE REVIEW*, which has at one time or another appeared as a bimonthly, a quarterly, a monthly, and a semi-monthly. The extracts from the early numbers are interesting and demonstrate that the present *REVIEW* holds more closely to the character of the original *REVIEW* than the solemn quarterly with its Harvard editors did. Last and by no means least, Mr. Howells gives his delightful reminiscences of *THE NORTH AMERICAN* as he first knew it. Best wishes to *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* as it starts on its new century; may it still wave its motto, *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*.

(From the Book Review Supplement of the New York Times)

The hundredth birthday of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, celebrated with due impressiveness in the forthcoming number of that magazine, is an important milestone in an epoch that has seen many changes and developments in our literature. Colonel Higginson once wrote that "the literary epochs of New England may be said to have been three—the first issue of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* in 1815, that of the *Dial* in 1840, and that of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857." All three of these magazines are still in existence—*THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* in New York, the *Atlantic Monthly* in Boston, the *Dial* in Chicago—all three exert influences peculiar to each on the intellectual life of the times. But it may be said, without fear of suggesting unjust discrimination, that to *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* belongs the distinction of being the pioneer in this country of this type of periodical literature. The parent of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* was the *Monthly Anthology*, the first number of which appeared in November, 1803, under the editorial management of Phineas Adams. The best writers of the period were contributors to its pages, but as these unlucky persons were expected, as occasion required, to donate money as well as literary wares to the support of the magazine, the latter enjoyed a brief and precarious career, giving way finally to *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL*, which owed its existence to one of the principal backers of the *Monthly Anthology*, William Tudor, Jr.

The career of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* from its conception to the present day is entertainingly given by Julius H. Ward in the forthcoming January number, together with an historical sketch of the period covered "From Madison to Wilson," and a characteristic paper on the same theme from William Dean Howells, entitled "Part of Which I Was." In its early days, true to the instincts of the pioneer, *THE REVIEW* was vigorously American in its critical bias, inclined to be unduly censorious in its estimate of contemporary British letters. The attitude has an amusingly provincial touch as we look back to it to-day. But it gave the necessary fillip to the somewhat feeble life manifested by our native literature a century ago. *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* was founded on the idea that the United States had a literature of its own that was capable of indefinite growth and achievement. In a way this pioneer magazine was a literary Declaration of Independence from the too overwhelming influence of the intellectual life of the lands overseas. From the very first the result due to the practical encouragement that it gave to American letters was quite incalculable. Throughout the century it has adhered consistently to the lofty aim that caused its birth, and in the broadened, mellowed spirit that characterizes its pages to-day *THE*

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is still an important and effective contributor to the nation's intellectual life.

(From the *New York Evening Post*)

The one-hundredth year of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, commemorated this month, does not mark the centenary of American periodical literature. Before 1815 the republic had seen Dennie's *Portfolio*, Charles Brockden Brown's *Literary Magazine*, and Irving's and Paulding's *Analectic Magazine*. Yet the foundation of THE REVIEW marked a blooming of scholarly thought and intellectual curiosity in this country. The spirit of the times is described by Emerson in those "Historical Notes of Life and Letters in New England," which deal so largely with the third editor of THE REVIEW—Everett. "It seemed a war between intellect and affection; a crack in Nature, which split every church into Papal and Protestant; Calvinism into old and new schools; Quakerism into old and new; brought new divisions into politics; and the new conscience respecting temperance and slavery. The key to the period appeared to be that the mind had become aware of itself. Men grew reflective and intellectual. There was a new consciousness." Evident, also, was "a certain sharpness of criticism, an eagerness for reform, which showed itself in every quarter." Men were reading Lavater, Gall and Spurzheim, Goethe and Hegel. But if this intellectual world-appraisal had much of New England in it, it was as well the reflex of a great international movement. The very lack of indigenous quality was one thing which made THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW typical of Harvard and Boston in 1815. Founded by a Cambridge club of scholars and gentlemen, out of which grew also the *Boston Athenæum*, it was deliberately modeled after the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, and its solidity and impressiveness depended from the start on an awakened American consciousness that there were such things as world-standards.

This steadfast looking abroad for models gives point to a famous incident in THE REVIEW's early history. In 1817, according to Parke Godwin, Dr. Bryant submitted to Richard Henry Dana, E. T. Channing, and Willard Phillips manuscripts by his twenty-three-year-old son, among them "Thanatopsis." "Ah, Phillips," remarked Dana, with a quiet smile at the close of the reading, "you have been imposed upon; no one this side the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses." Scholarliness and keeping in line with tradition were nurtured by the successive editors. "Germany," Emerson wrote, "had created criticism in vain for us until 1820, when Edward Everett returned from his five years in Europe and brought to Cambridge his rich results, which no one was so fitted by actual grace and the splendor of his rhetoric to introduce and recommend. He made us for the first time acquainted with Wolff . . . with the criticism of Heyne." It was in THE REVIEW that there appeared the two papers by Dr. Channing on Milton and Napoleon, "the first specimens in this country of that large criticism which in England had given power and fame to the *Edinburgh*. They were widely read, and immediately fruitful in provoking emulation which lifted the style of journalism." The chief contributors, Bryant, Ticknor, Webster, Adams, and Bancroft, were deeply imbued with English culture. When Jared Sparks became editor in 1824, he exemplified reserved and cautious scholarship. The man who, before he resigned, had begun the twelve-volume *Diplomatic History of the American Revolution*, and was contemplating his collection of Washington's and Franklin's writings, would not allow despite to exact learning or received opinions.

With editors and contributors what they were, *THE REVIEW* became an exponent of the scholarly New England of Channing and Bancroft, and won an international repute; but there were two main difficulties. The changing current of the times left it somewhat stranded, and deprived it of its representative quality. The New England of the 'forties was much better expressed by the *Dial*; that of the 'sixties by the *Atlantic*. Scholarship gave way first to philosophy, and then, with the birth of a group of able writers, to pure literature; and *THE REVIEW* could not follow. Besides, it tended to become a dry-as-dust publication. For ten years preceding 1863 it was edited temperately and carefully by Andrew P. Peabody, but yearly lost power. When Lowell and Norton were invited to take charge of it, the former characterized it in a letter. *THE REVIEW* was "a rather Sisyphæan job. . . . It wanted three chief elements to be successful. It wasn't thoroughly, that is, thickly and thinly, loyal; it wasn't lively, and it had no particular opinions on any particular subject. It was an eminently safe periodical, and accordingly in danger of running aground. . . . Perhaps the day of these quarterlies is gone by, and those megatheria of letters may be in the mere course of nature withdrawing to their last swamps to die in peace." But what vigor Lowell put into it in the later Civil War and early Reconstruction days we have only to turn to his Political Essays to see.

The greatest epoch in the diversified history of *THE REVIEW* was, as a writer in the current issue remarks, that closed by the resignation of Lowell and of Norton as editors. For one reason, the rise of other periodicals of *THE REVIEW* character deprived it of its isolated distinction. For another, its change to the form of a monthly led it into fields more nearly journalistic, less markedly academic, and more concerned with actual current events. "In the new *REVIEW*," Howells remarks, "literature is given a back seat." In its career of one hundred years, however, it has consistently been related with the best names in contemporary literature, and it occupies a place of its own in the record of our literature. Its friends will wish it uninterrupted prosperity.

(From *the Harrisburg Star-Independent*)

"This country delights more in the acquisition of foreign literature than in a laborious independent exertion of its own intellectual powers," is the remarkable declaration that may be found in an article on American language and literature in an 1815 issue of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*—perhaps not so remarkable at the time it was written, but striking in this year 1915 when we Americans have become rather well satisfied with the literature which has been resulting from the independent exertion of our intellectual powers.

During the last hundred years, which have meant so much for American letters, a force has been steadily operating which has done a great deal to encourage the expansion of the country's dignified literature—*THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*. Born in 1815, this periodical is now observing its centennial. It is the first magazine in the country that has had a centennial to observe. As a power which has exerted an uninterrupted influence on American letters for a hundred years, it has our heartiest congratulations.

THE REVIEW in its retrospection not only reminds us of some events that were taking place a century ago, but prompts us to disturb the dusty complacency of its early volumes on library shelves, and to go pleasure-seeking among the brownish pages. The issues of 1815 reveal a notice regarding a

proposed pilgrimage to the Holy Lands, signed by Gustavus Adolphus, formerly Gustavus IV., king of Sweden; an account of a lawsuit "had" by Louis Bonaparte, formerly king of Holland, "with his wife"; a notice of the expunging of Napoleon Bonaparte's name by the French Institute; an obituary of Robert Fulton; and numerous other items which make the quest of interest.

Throughout the hundred years of THE REVIEW's existence its pages have shown history in the forming, yet perhaps at no time with more significance to posterity than now, when the Great War is the prevalent topic. When the magazine files for 1915 are searched, a century hence, by the idly curious or by the diligently studious, there will doubtless be found much to marvel at and wonder about concerning the conflict of the nations, which may be so absorbing a subject, indeed, that the nineteenth-century files which are of present interest will be undisturbed in their dust of an additional hundred years.

(From the New York Tribune)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW celebrates, in its January number, the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Not quite the first of our periodicals—*The Monthly Anthology* preceded it by more than a decade—it yet stands first in the matter of importance, of service rendered, and of continued usefulness to American letters and life. It has broadened vastly since its early New England days; it has kept step with the growth of the nation, and it has won and lost and won again a worthy place beside the great reviews of the Old World. It has had its ups and its downs, its periods of alertness and of vegetation. It has improved great opportunities and has neglected others; it has worshiped at the shrine of great names signed to contributions that were great in no sense of the word. But it has always "counted," sometimes in a minor way in a narrow circle, again in the wide sphere which its best tradition demands, and with many thoughtful readers. That it has taken a new lease of active life at the beginning of its second century is fortunately true. Once more it has an individuality of its own.

(From the Utica Herald-Dispatch)

In celebration of the centenary of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Colonel Harvey, its present editor, has put forth a very interesting number in the issue for January. The record of this first and still most vigorous of American reviews forms a large part of the contents. Notable articles are Julius H. Ward's historical summary and William Dean Howells's remembrances of half a century of its existence. There are copious extracts from earlier numbers reflecting the public spirit, the ideals, and the literary inclinations of that era.

(From the Rochester Herald)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the only American magazine that has succeeded in living to be a hundred years old, and its success in attaining that venerable age seems remarkable when we consider the precarious existence which most American magazines have led, and with which even THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW itself has been quite familiar in days gone by. THE REVIEW has been a bimonthly and a quarterly, and is now a monthly. It has had a great variety of editors, who have possessed various types of mind. It has been scholarly and it has been popular, and through all changes it has come forth unscathed.

The current issue of THE REVIEW is full of good things, but of these good things nothing has interested us more than the articles by the editor, by Julius H. Ward, and by William Dean Howells, dealing with the history of the magazine. We learn from Mr. Howells that fifty years ago the remuneration for articles was only two dollars a page, but by way of compensation contributors were allowed to write very long articles. Mr. Howells speaks of one of his own articles as occupying fifty pages of THE REVIEW, and other articles were sometimes longer. We do not suppose, however, that any of the articles were as long as some of Macaulay's in the *Edinburgh Review*, one of which we believe contained more than forty thousand words—a fairly respectable book in itself. Under the editorship of James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton THE NORTH AMERICAN was a very scholarly periodical, and many of the articles that appeared therein could not have appealed to the general public, and would not to-day. But in the old days popular taste was not considered when dealing with serious subjects, as it is now.

THE NORTH AMERICAN's home was in Boston for many years, and Boston was once, in its fashion, a very cultured city. Its culture may have been a little thin and cold—we know, indeed, that it was—in its rare New England atmosphere, but it was genuine as far as it went, and it made a manful effort to understand the great Germans and Frenchmen, as well as the writings of the great English masters. Some of that culture still lingered in the Boston air of twenty-odd years ago, but it is gone now, all but its simulacrum, at any rate, and America is the worse for its disappearance. New York has never received its mantle, but it did take over THE NORTH AMERICAN, and it allowed Mr. Howells to become one of the jostling throng of Broadway. And THE NORTH AMERICAN has been more prosperous in New York than it was in Boston, for the editorial policy of THE REVIEW, after its removal to the great metropolis, aimed to get closer to the average man. Colonel Harvey assures the public that THE NORTH AMERICAN was never so popular as it is to-day, and we congratulate him and the famous periodical which he edits with so much distinction upon the success attained.

(From the *New York World*)

AS THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW enters its second century, to a pleasant chorus of birthday congratulations, it has good reason to look back proudly over its eventful career. Born in modest literary circumstances under the consulship of Madison, it still holds securely the rank that has long been its rightful station.

No one to-day thinks of William Tudor, Jr., the first editor of THE REVIEW, as a pioneer in the early wilderness of American literature. It had its struggles for existence under favorable conditions, and along its pathway are strewn like milestones the graves of less vigorous rivals for public favor. But to its lasting success it drew to its aid as editors and contributors the services of men foremost in their generation like Richard Henry Dana, Edward Everett, Palfrey, Motley, Longfellow, Lowell, Norton, George William Curtis, and John Fiske.

This country has not been hospitable to the solid review among periodicals in nearly the same degree that Great Britain and France have been. The *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly*, the *Contemporary*, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, have enjoyed a kind of assured patronage among readers little known in the United States. No people take a keener interest in politics than Americans

as a whole, or read so little in a serious way about public questions. The effect of this national failing is seen in the dearth of weeklies of the class that holds a steady circulation in England. Our monthly magazines and weekly press have fallen back for support upon fiction, articles of a lighter nature, and illustrations. To the credit of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, it has held steadfastly to its place and traditions.

(From the Tacoma News)

Next year is the hundredth of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, and Editor-Colonel George Harvey begins celebrating the centennial in the December number, which is as thick as a Bible and—must we say it?—almost as good literature. Among other things he prints the names of the eighteen editors who preceded him, and it is a royal company indeed. Through the coming year *THE REVIEW* is to have contributions from President Wilson, ex-President Taft, Elihu Root, Alfred Noyes, Henry Watterson, James Huneker, William Dean Howells, Alfred T. Mahan, Booker T. Washington, and many others who are in the habit of thinking, and besides that it will republish a number of brilliant essays by famous men dead and gone. Nearly everybody worth while in the last hundred years has written for *THE REVIEW*. Its history sparkles with the genius of great men and women. Colonel Harvey has transferred to its pages the cerebral scintillations which used to make *Harper's Weekly* worth while, and he still finds an ecstasy in merrily letting the wind out of windy things. Here's hoping *THE REVIEW* will live another hundred years, and that Colonel Harvey will be here to write the second centennial hymn. Both are invaluable American institutions.

(From the Cincinnati Times-Star)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW reminds its readers that in May, 1815, it advocated a parcel post, and in January, 1818, it described the plans of the recently opened Cape Cod Canal. Evidently in its earlier days *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* had a worthy predecessor of Colonel George Harvey.

(From the Erie Dispatch)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is to be congratulated on the hundredth anniversary of its birth. May it live and prosper another century.

THE PRESIDENT AND BUSINESS

(From the Jackson, Michigan, Patriot)

It is gratifying to hear from Washington that Democrats realize that the setback they suffered in the recent election was due in the main to depressed business, the war tax, and Congressional extravagance. It is better to have correct hindsight than no sight at all, but a little clear foresight would have been very much the best.

Nothing will cause people to forget these things more quickly, and to regard with favor the party that may be in power, than a marked revival of prosperity.

Many Democrats, notably Colonel Harvey, the able editor of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, have stated publicly that unless prosperity is restored in the next two years they cannot expect their party to be kept in charge of the administration of the nation's affairs.

It is said the indications that the President is heeding this advice are causing his political advisers much satisfaction. These words in his message are quoted as evidence: "The road at last lies both clear and firm to business. It is a road which it can travel without fear or embarrassment."

The only important prosecutions of big business are cases inherited from the Taft administration, the International Harvester Company and the United States Steel Corporation being the most conspicuous. These, no doubt, were started because "death loves a shining mark." The suits cannot now be stopped, but it is quite certain that, if not already commenced, they would not be initiated.

It seems as if governmental annoyances of business, which has been active and malignant for a dozen years, had reached its limit. All know that the President has thrown all his influence for the obtaining of the five-per-cent. increase of freight-rates for the Eastern railroads. For this every railroad man in America—and there are well-nigh a million and a half voters among railroad men—ought to be grateful.

Furthermore, the President is laying great stress upon the development of foreign trade; and this is a matter of vital importance, as without it it will be impossible to keep the wage-labor of this country employed more than two-thirds of the time.

More than six years ago, when Roosevelt was President, former-President Cleveland wrote a letter to the *New York World* in which he expressed the belief that what the country most needed was "rest and peace and reassurance." It has taken a long time to reach that goal, but we are there. A new era has begun, and it can continue as long as every man charged with the responsibility for the management of a great corporation remembers that "the public interest is part of his own interest."

SENATOR BORAH

(From the Boston Transcript)

Senate Republicans chose wisely in designating Senator Borah to take up on their behalf the challenge of President Wilson's remarkable Jackson Day speech. The effective way in which the Idaho Senator flayed the phrases and the policies of our phrase-making President reveals a campaigner fully able to handle Wilson rhetoric and recalls to many minds the prophecy of Colonel George Harvey, made more than a year ago, that the next President of the United States would be William E. Borah. It is not surprising that the Washington correspondents agree in calling the speech "the most impressive criticism of the Administration yet heard in Congress."

But in his discussion of Mexico Senator Borah rises above the plane of partisanship and speaks the language of true Americanism. Hear him:

I am desirous of peace with Mexico; I want no war; and I know we shall never take any part of the territory of that republic, but above and beyond that, and more important to my mind, is the fact that we should at least protect our own citizenship, securing our women against ravishment and murder at the hands of those ferocious men who prey upon our nationals wherever they find them in their territory. There are some things which are dearer to me than peace.

Mr. President, the mistreatment of American citizens in Mexico is due to the fact that there has passed into the Mexican mind a firm belief that we will not protect our citizens, and I say whatever criticism shall come to me from those who love peace more than they love honor, that the "flag which will not protect

its people is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it floats." We cannot have peace, we cannot have honor, unless we are prepared to protect our own citizens, and I believe, verily believe, that we may do so and still have no war with Mexico.

Speech like this makes red-blooded Americans hold up their heads again in hope that in 1916, if not before, we shall witness an end of conditions across the border that have for two years made many men in this country ashamed of the name American. The Idaho Senator has outlined a Mexican policy which we believe his fellow-countrymen, regardless of party, will indorse by popular vote at the first opportunity, either under his leadership or that of some other American no less courageous.

We said nominated; not elected.—EDITOR.

(From the Buffalo Courier)

Col. George Harvey, who has a reputation for successful prophecy in politics, predicts that United States Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, will be the Republican nominee for President in 1916.

Unmistakably Senator Borah has a presidential bee. Somebody is distributing a "key-note" speech he made not long ago. In this speech he has a large array of fine, safe sentiments and effusive compliments for the good sense and patriotism of the people. Senator Borah has a plea for "a clean and upright free-trade party," "a clean and upright protection party," "a clean and upright socialist party"—everybody should be "clean and upright." He says that "no man ought to wish defeat or failure to any branch of men, whether large or small, in whatever party they may be found, who are trying to make politics better and cleaner and are trying to place party action upon a right basis."

As to the Republican party, Senator Borah says: "We can afford to say what our position is upon all the questions which so much concern the people—the currency, the tariff, the trusts, social reform. We can afford to declare our position squarely and openly and wait for the returns." Does that not sound promising? But, alas! Senator Borah utterly fails to be specific as to what the position of the Republican party should be on the currency and the tariff and the trusts and social reform! Truly, Senator Borah is a cautious candidate.

(From the Springfield Republican)

When Mr. Taft left the White House nothing seemed more certain than that he would never again be a candidate. A year later one would have made the same prediction, although somewhat less dogmatically, and to-day it calls for a little less dogmatism still. While Mr. Taft has been growing through recognition of his qualities and previous difficulties, the list of possibly available Republican figures has not notably increased. Mr. Herrick and Governor Whitman, who is just beginning at Albany, are clearly the chief potential additions, while Senator Borah—long since picked by Colonel Harvey—cannot be said as yet to have made a deep impression or become widely known in the East.

(From the Boston Herald)

It is sad to see George Harvey's two choices for the Presidency at such odds as was disclosed by the younger's vitriolic speech in the Senate on Wed-

nesday. For it will be recalled that, while the New York editor picked out Mr. Wilson for the Presidency years ago, and lived to see his selection ratified, he more recently hit upon William E. Borah as the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1916.

Borah is an exceedingly effective speaker, as his address reported in yesterday morning's newspapers showed. Nor is he without elements of availability for the presidential nomination. He is in touch with "the people," looks the part of a Republican commoner, and possesses that dash of liberalism which would be a welcome admixture if the party is to win back the Progressives. Borah's candidacy should prove an element in "popularizing" the party. And still Idaho seems a long way from the District of Columbia.

MR. BRYAN AND SAN DOMINGO

(From the New York Globe)

The question asked by Colonel Harvey, of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as to the cause of the disintegration of the country's diplomatic service seems sufficiently answered by the evidence brought out in the investigation of the Sullivan Dominican case. The cause is a bald-headed gentleman whose chief business has been to travel up and down the country uttering pious hopes and breathing lofty aspirations.

On August 20th, 1913, Secretary-of-State Bryan, writing to Walker W. Vick, American receiver of customs at San Domingo, said:

Let me know what positions you have at your disposal with which to reward deserving Democrats. Whenever you desire a suggestion from me in regard to a man for any place there call on me. You have had enough experience in politics to know how valuable workers are when a campaign is on, and how difficult it is to find suitable rewards for all the deserving. I do not know to what extent a knowledge of Spanish is necessary for employees. Let me know what is required, together with the salary, and when appointments are likely to be made.

Consider to whom this letter was addressed. It was not addressed to an ordinary employee of the United States—not to an employee of the United States at all. It was addressed to a man employed by the Dominican government on our nomination to perform the difficult task of administering the Dominican customs for the benefit of San Domingo and the creditors of San Domingo. Mr. Bryan was writing to a trustee whose duties were prescribed under a treaty. And our Secretary of State is so blunted in political morals as to suggest, without much regard to fitness, that political friends of his should be foisted on San Domingo's pay-roll.

A man capable of making such a suggestion to the chief administrator of an international agreement is unfit to be Secretary of State.